



# FEATURE

COMICS



NO. 26~10¢



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# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM



AND THIS IS  
A LADY  
WHO IS NICE  
TO ME AND  
SHE'S A  
REAL QUEEN  
TOO! IT'S  
QUEEN  
MASSIE OF  
DEVENTIA--  
SHE'S VERY  
KIND.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS HERE MY UNCLE DAN HE IS A BIG POLITICIAN UNDOVER IS WINNY WIN UNCLE DAN IS ON THEIR SIDE



HERE HE IS AS A STREET CLEANER-- THIS WAS BEFORE HE BECAME A ALDERMAN. I PERSONALLY THINK THAT THE STREET CLEANIN' SUIT LOOKED NICE ON HIM



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

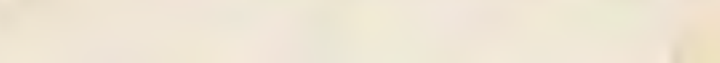
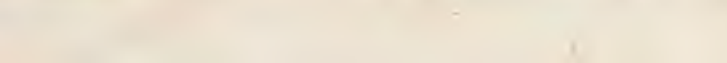
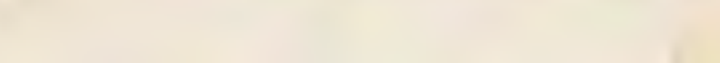
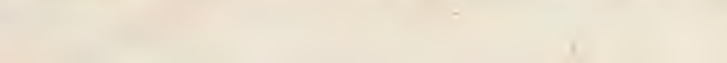
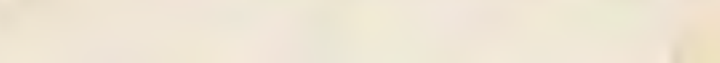
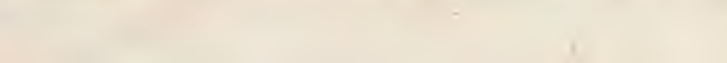
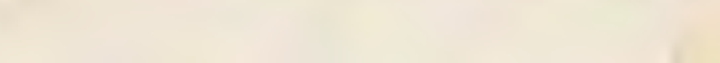
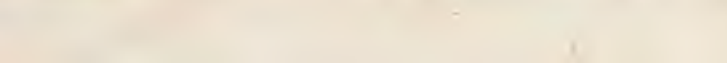
HERE IS THE FAMILY OF MY FRIEND, HIS LEVITIOUS IT'S HIS DOP-- MOM-- AN SISTER HEBZIBAH



THEY ARE CERTAINLY FUNNY PEOPLE, BUT NO MATTER WHAT THEY DO, I KNOW THEY DINT MEAN IT!

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS A  
PICTURE  
OF A  
BOY  
WHEN  
HE WAS  
A  
LITTLE  
BOY  
AND  
HE  
DIDN'T  
GET  
IT



ANOTHER  
ONE OF  
YONKERS  
WAS  
MANAGER  
OF HIS  
SCHOOL'S  
BASKET  
BALL  
TEAM



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



More of Joe Palooka in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 1st.



# OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED*



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40 packs at 10c each = \$4.00





# JANE ARDEN

By Walter Dyer and Edward E. Kane

IN PARIS, JANE IS TO STAGE A FAKE ROBBERY, TO TRY TO CATCH THE MAN WITH THE SCAR.

IT'S TEN O'CLOCK—OUR AGENT WILL EXPECT ME.

I HOPE OUR CHIEF'S PLAN WORKS! I'M SURE EVERYONE THINKS I'M THE COMTE DE ANTONIO.

I SEE THAT YOU'VE PUT THE GEMS OUT—NOW FOR OUR ROBBERY!

HERE'S PIANO WIRE TO TE ME UP NICELY!

I HATE TO PULL IT TIGHT BUT—

IT MUST LOOK REAL—THE POLICE WILL EXAMINE IT YOU SEE!

AH! THIS FOOL HAS MADE IT EASY—

—AND THE JEWELS IN PLAIN SIGHT!

SORRY TO LEAVE YOU LIKE THIS BUT MUST BE GOING.

DON'T MOVE!

SO YOU NEARLY BEAT ME TO IT, EH?

PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

HMM—THE MAN WITH THE SCAR—I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU!

COME ON—HAND OVER THAT NECK-LACE! QUICK!

I HAVEN'T ANY NECK-LACE! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! YOU SEE THAT'S WHAT I CAME FOR, BUT I CAN'T FIND IT!

WHAT? WHY I THOUGHT I SAW IT WHEN I WAS COMING IN!

TH' SMELL OF THAT LENA'S COOKIN'—I WOULD STOP ANY FEUD.

AH! CAN'T SHOOT IF AN'S HUNGRY!

HEY, PARSON—CHARN HEAH—WE IS FIXIN' UP A TRUCE!

LOOK! HEAH COME! TH' PARSON WAVING A WHITE TRUCE RAG!

GIVE 'EM A LITTLE BUE HEAH AN SHOOTIN' WILL STOP!

SURE! THIS FOOD WILL PUT QUIET 'EM AND WE'LL WED LATER!

HUSTLE THEY GRUB BACK HEAH, PARSON—AN DON'T DO NO MARRYIN' DOWN THER!

SHO' WE?

JUST THINK, SAM!—WE'LL BE MARRIED AS SOON AS THE FEUD STOPS!

WELL, RIGHT NOW MAKE ME SOME MORE TARTS!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

AS THE MAN WITH SCARF RHEARS AROUND FOR THE COSTLY NECKLACE

TURN AROUND AND GIVE ME YOUR PURSE!

IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD I TELL YOU

IT'S NOT HERE-- YOU SAY HE TOLD YOU IT WAS IN THE BANK, EH?

YES!

WHY I BELIEVE YOU HAVE THOSE JEWELS??

SO IN THAT ROOM AND TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND GIVE THEM TO ME! PUT ON THIS ROBE

I'M SURE THOSE GEYS ARE HERE SOMEWHERE

YOUR EYES ARE TRICKING YOU IF YOU THINK YOU SAW THAT NECKLACE

HURRY! BRING YOUR CLOTHES OUT HERE AFTER YOU'VE CHANGED

WELL THIS IS VERY SELLY MY DEAR

OH--IF ONLY HE DOESN'T THINK TO LOOK IN THAT GLOVE

WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES--YOU WON'T FIND A THING IN THEM

OH--NOT

WELL, YOU WERE RIGHT--IT ISN'T IN YOUR CLOTHING--BUT I'LL GET IT!!

WHY, I'D NEVER TRY TO FOOL A MAN AS CLEVER AS YOU ARE! YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT!

HEAR'S MO' NICE POSSUM PARSON-- DON'T WED LENA T SAM'L FUDDY!

DON'T FRET! AH LIKE POSSUM TOO MUCH!

YOU HOO, SAM'L! WE SAID WED MARRY WHEN THE REUD'N STOPPED!

DID YE BRING SOME TARTS?

I'M NOT CARRYIN' FOOD TO MY OWN WEDDING!

WAL NOW--WHEAH IS THET PARSON?

HMM-- DID YE COME FO' WANDA POSSUM HEAT BIT WED?

WE WANTA

UMM! NOTHIN' LIKE NICE POSSUM

S-SAY, GAL-- AH CAN'T MARRY NO YOUNGSTER LIKE YO' UNLESS HER FAMILY IS HEAR!! SO THARS NO WEDDING!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE













# CAPTAIN FORTUNE



by VERNON HENKEL

WHEN GUNFIRE ASSAILED THE LITTLE TOWN OF SAN LOUVELLE CAPTAIN TYRONE FORTUNE MADE A DOUBLE OATH—THAT HE WOULD ESCAPE FROM THE SPANISH TRAP, AND THAT HE WOULD KILL MORE SPANISH SOLDIERS THAN HE HAD MEN.



I TELL YOU, WE ARE NOT PIRATES! THERE HAS BEEN MUTINY—I GAVE NO ORDERS TO FIRE ON THIS TOWN!



ENOUGH! TAKE THESE MEN PRISONERS—THEY SHALL BE HANGED IMMEDIATELY IF THEIR SHIP DOES NOT CEASE ITS BOMBARDMENT!



I'M AFRAID ARGUMENT CANNOT CHANGE THEIR MINDS, WILL! BUT SWORDS—



STOP THEM! CUT THEM DOWN!



—BUT THE SPANISH SOLDIERS WERE NO MATCH FOR THE TWO FINEST BLADES OF ENGLAND.



KEEP THEM BACK—WE MUST MAKE THAT DOOR!



WITH VIOLENT THRUSTS, FORTUNE AND HIS FIRST OFFICER CLEAR A PASSAGE AND BREAK FROM THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.





MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SPANISH  
MERCHANT SHIP, SEVERSH SHOULD  
BE DRAWING TO HIS MATHREWS...

HOLD YOUR  
FIRE, MEN!

THAT SHOULD HAVE GIVEN  
US SOME ATTENTION!  
ALRIGHT, DRESS-NOW WE'LL  
SEE WHAT A CITY IS WORTH  
IN RANSOM!

THAT WHITE FLAG WILL GET  
YOU TO THE GOVERNOR. IF  
HE REFUSES OUR TERMS WE  
RESUME SHELLING AT ONCE!

THE GUNS ARE SILENT—  
SOMETHING IS UP!

AYE, AND IF  
WE'RE CAUGHT IT  
WILL MEAN OUR  
NECKS!

I GOT IT! THE SPANISH  
MEN OF WAR WON'T BE IN  
SAN LOUVELLE FOR ANOTHER  
MONTH—SEVERSH IS PLAN-  
NING TO STARVE THE CITY  
INTO SUBMISSION!

AND WHATEVER DEED THAT  
SHIP PERFORMS, I, ITS CAPTAIN,  
WILL BE BLAMED! I'VE  
GOT TO STOP THAT MANAC!

OH!

MY FULLEST APOLOGIES,  
MADAM! I—I WASN'T  
LOOKING WHERE I WAS  
GOING!

WHILE YOU'RE CHATTING WITH  
THE BEAUTIFUL LADY, I THINK  
I'LL BE ON MY WAY—FOR MY  
BLADE CANNOT STOP THIS SURE  
OF APPROACHING SOLDIERS!









FOLLOW CAPTAIN FORTUNE AS HE BUZZES AROUND THE HIGH SEAS NEXT MONTH



# BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN

OH, RED! IT'S AWFUL--THIS PAPER SAYS--"PLANE CARRYING COWBOY STAR, HAL THOMPSON, IS MISSING--NO WORD SINCE LEAVING ST. LOUIS"--



DARLING, I HAD A VISION IN THE NIGHT OF POOR HAL! HE WAS CALLING TO ME AND HE SEEMED IN GREAT PAIN. OH! WHAT SHALL WE DO, RED?



WHISKERS, I BETCHA HAL IS ALL RIGHT--S-SURE HE IS--BUT NEBBIE--SEE, WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL IF HE REALLY WAS LOST?!! S-SOSH--



AND IN HOLLYWOOD, THE PRESIDENT OF HAL'S MOVIE COMPANY WORRIES ABOUT HIM FOR BUSINESS REASONS.



THIS WILL DELAY THOMPSON'S NEW PICTURE!!



UNCLE JEFF--RED AND I ARE LEAVING AT ONCE FOR CALIFORNIA! HAL'S MOTHER WILL NEED ME BADLY!!



GOOD BYE, ALTA--BE A GOOD DEAR WHILE I'M AWAY, WON'T YOU?



OH, SPOOKIE--I WISH WE COULD TAKE YOU ALONG--I'LL MISS YOU SO!!



NEBBIE WE KIN TAKE HIM, MYRA!

G-GOOD BYE, DEAR UNCLE JEFF! YOU'VE BEEN SO GOOD TO ME SINCE MOTHER AND DADDY DIED--BLESS YOUR HEART!



ON THE TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA REDD, WHAT IF THEY DON'T STOP YER FINE HAL'S PLANE?



OH, MYRA! I'M GLAD YOU GOT HERE--I KNOW YOU FROM A PHOTO HAL SENT--



MRS. THOMPSON--IS THERE ANY WORD FROM HIM YET?



MYRA, DEAR--WE MUST BE BRAVE AND HAVE FAITH THAT HAL WILL RETURN WELL! THAT'S THE WAY WE'D WANT IT I THINK!



LITTLE RED IS BECOMING QUITE A COWBOY--ISN'T HE, MRS. THOMPSON?



YES--HE'S A SWEET CHILD--I'M GLAD HE'S HERE!



NOW YER LEARNIN HOW TISHING A ROPE, PARTNER!



I WISH HAL WAS HERE!



YES--YES! THIS IS MRS. THOMPSON--WHAT?--OH! GRACIOUS--ARE YOU S-SURE???





# BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



A new and better BIG TOP starts in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS





## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





# NIPPIE

AW--THAT INSTRUCTOR  
WONT STOP ME FROM  
SWIMMING UNDER WATER!  
I DONT EVEN USE MY  
HANDS--  
NOW WATCH!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



WHAT DID YA  
ARREST  
THAT GUY  
FOR,  
MICKEY?

RECKLESS  
DRIVIN'--HE  
ALMOST RAN  
OVER A LITTLE  
GIRL!



THEY WONT DO NOTHIN TO  
HIM, MICKEY! THAT'S 'BIFF'  
MAGNITY--HE RUNS A HEALTH  
FARM WHERE THE POLITICIANS  
GO TO REDUCE--THEY'RE ALL  
HIS PALS!



BUT THEY HAF TA  
TEACH HIM A  
LESSON--WHY  
THE NEXT TIME  
HE DRIVES LIKE  
THAT HE MIGHT--

ALRIGHT,  
THIS  
CASE  
IS  
DISMISSED!



I TOLD YA NOT  
TO PINCH  
ME, KISE  
GUY! HA--  
HA!

!



THERE'S  
NOTHIN YOU  
CAN DO  
ABOUT IT,  
MICKEY!

I'M GOIN' DOWN  
AND TELL  
GABBY GAGAN  
THE SPORT WRITER  
ABOUT IT--



--AND I THINK  
MAGNITY WOULD  
HAF TA DO IT IF  
YOU FELLAS  
WERE HERE!

SURE HE  
WOULD! I'D  
ROUND UP  
EVERY  
REPORTER  
IN TOWN!



HELLO, BIFF! ME AND THE  
BOYS DROPPED UP TO SEE  
YOU GIVE A BOXING LESSON  
TO A CERTAIN GUY! DYA  
GET IT? A REAL GOOD  
BOXING LESSON!



I GET IT! YOU  
WANT ME TO  
GIVE HIM THE  
WORKS! WHERE  
IS THIS GUY?

HELL BE  
HERE ANY  
MINUTE--OH  
HERE HE  
IS NOW!



WHY--  
HE'S THE  
GUY THAT  
PINCHED ME!  
WHAT'S  
THE BIG  
IDEA?

JUST THIS, BIFF--  
YOU'LL GIVE HIM  
THAT LESSON  
WE PAID FOR OR  
WE'LL LET THE  
PUBLIC KNOW  
YOU'RE A FAKE!



WELL, BOYS--  
I GUESS THIS  
"LESSON"  
IS ALL  
OVER!

YEAH--AND  
MR. MAGNITY  
IS ALL OVER  
THE FLOOR!  
HA HA!



HOW DID THAT  
RECKLESS  
DRIVER'S TRIAL  
COME OUT,  
MICKEY--DID  
HE GET WHAT  
HE DESERVED?

YES--YOU  
BET HE  
DID!





# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





**NIPPIE**

HE WON'T WALK HOME IN THIS RAIN—GIMME YOUR NICKEL AND I'LL CALL MY DAD AND TELL HIM TO PICK US UP ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE OFFICE!

DON'T WORRY—I WON'T WASTE THE NICKEL! HELLO—GIMME "BACKSLAP 5628"!! ARE YA SURE IT'S THE RIGHT NUMBER?

HALLO—HALLO—THIS "BACKSLAP 5628"—YOU WANT WASHER?

# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOU GOT MR. PULLER TO GIVE YOUR UNCLE PHIL A JOB, EH, MICKEY?

YES—HE'S SELLIN' HOUSE BRUSHES! MR. PULLER SAID HE CAN EARN \$10 A DAY AT IT!

I HAVE A BRUSH FOR EVERY PURPOSE, MADAM, AND—

NO!

NO, LADY—I'M NOT WORKIN' MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE, BUT—

I'M NOT INTERESTED!!

I REPRESENT THE PULLER BRUSH COMPANY, LADY, AND—

I DON'T WANT ANY—TAKE YOUR FOOT OUT OF THE DOOR OR I'LL CALL MY HUSBAND!

BUT, LADY—YOU NEVER SAW BRUSHES LIKE THESE! JUST LET ME—

WILL YOU GIVE ME A DEMONSTRATION, PLEASE?

WHY CERTAINLY!!

NOW, LET ME SEE YOU CLEAN THOSE CURTAINS—

WELL—DO YOU WANT ONE OR ANY NOW THAT DON'T CHA, LADY? I HON'T NEED ANY NOW THAT THINGS ARE ALL CLEANED—BUT COME BACK IN ABOUT SIX MONTHS!

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MICKEY?

YES—MY UNCLE PHIL HAS RESIGNED!!





# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

SATISFIED.

By H. A. TUTTILL







## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

## TRICKED

By H. J. TUTTILL





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN



WE HAD TO CRACK THE LINE, BUDDY!

LET'S TEAR 'EM UP AGAIN, GANG!



WE'LL TAKE TIME OUT!

TIME OUT FOR BUXTON!



SECOND DOWN AND ONLY ONE YARD TO GO, NED!

I'LL MAKE THAT EASILY ON THE NEXT SNAPS!

NO-IT'S GOT TO BE A SURPRISE PLAY!



BUDD, WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE SATISFIED WITH A 7 TO 7 TIE WITH BUXTON.

GET THEM FOR THE 9-0!



TIMES UP-PLAY BALL!



THE OL' STONE WALL, GANG! THAT BIG MOOSE'LL BE THROUGH HERE AGAIN!



Expecting another plunge as the ball is snapped again to Budgeen, Sutton is completely fooled when the big Center Fullback rifles a long pass down the field toward the line Ned Brant.



Keeping tight to the left to make a seemingly impossible catch, Ned Brant races for the goal line.



PASS THE WATERMELON, NED!



SURE WAS FUN MEETING ALL YOU LOVELY FELLOWS - I'LL DROP YOU A POSTCARD SOMETIME!

But just as that Sutton safety man biffs himself at Brant, Ned passes the ball laterally to Bud Sheels. And Bud has a clear field ahead of him!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. M. ZUPPKE

TRY THAT REVERSE TO THE WEAK SIDE AGAIN - COLBRAINE IS SAID TO BE WEAK AGAINST REVERSES.



HE'S WORRIED, SHOTGUN.

COLBRAINE IS GOING TO BE TOUCHED, COACH. BUT THE BOYS ARE KEPT UP FOR THE GAME.



IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOMETHING TO INSURE THE BOYS TO GREAT FOOTBALL HEIGHTS TO BRAT THAT COUNTRY.



BALL!

BALL!

SAVE YOUR SALARY, PUBLICITY WRITER. OSCAR PUBLISHING WILL HAVE AN ORA.

IF WE GET FAST COLBRAINE, HE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO FINISH UP NEAR THE TOP.



WE GOT IT, JAKE. WE GOT IT!

GOT WHAT, MANTY - SPOILING OF THE SHOW?



WHERE IS COACH BRANT, DUMPLE KNEED?

WELL, THERE'S THE FOOTBALL TEAM - I'VE A HUNCH HE MIGHT JUST TENSELY BE HEART.



COACH BRANT - WE AN ORA NOW TO BRAT COLBRAINE!

EWELL - KATIE YOU SHOULD BE COACHING THE COUNTRY!



ILL HAVE TO SPEND A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS.

TAKE NOTHING OF IT, MANTY - WHEN YOU RUN OUT FROM A WHEELBARROW TO THE CONTROLLER'S OFFICE FOR A NEW LOAD.



WE INVITED THE PARENTS OF EVERY PLAYER ON THE TEAM TO SEE THAT GAME. AS OUR GUESTS.

SAY - YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE!



ILL HAVE ALL OF THEM IN THE DRESSING ROOM BETWEEN VALUES NOT A WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE, MANTY!









# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Illustrated by L. M. DODD



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# RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

## BRAIN DERBY

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE AND ANSWER THE FOLLOWING—

WHAT DID YOU HAVE FOR BREAKFAST?  
ORCHESTRA OR BALCONY?  
DO YOU LIVE UP NOW?



## OUR SPECIAL INVENTION

A SIMPLE WAY TO FEED THE CAT WHEN YOU ARE AWAY.

AS CATAL WALKS TOWARD DISH (1) HE TIPS PLATFORM (2) CAUSING STRING (3) TO OPEN DOOR (4)—THIS LETS OUT THE MOTH (5) WHICH EAT SWEATER (6)—THIS DROPS WEIGHT (7) WHICH CLOSSES SCISSORS—CUTTING OFF U.S. BOND COUPON (8) AND MISS MOSET (9) SEEING "BANK SIGN" RUSHES TO DEPOSIT COUPON—HE HITS PEDAL (10)—NUMBER BREAKS MILK BOTTLE AND MILK RUNS TO DISH.



HEY—IS YOUR RADIATOR BOILING OVER?

NO—MY CAR SEES MAD AT ME AND JUST BOLS AND RUNS LIKE THAT.



OH—HERE COMES THE AWFUL GAL MY ROOM-MATE DATED UP FOR ME NOW!



TELEGRAM FOR YOU LADY!

OH MY AUNT IS SICK AND MUST BE BACK TO COOK!



THANKS, LITTLE MAN—WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?

JUST A GUY WHO DOES SAVORS NIBBOSY, THAT'S ME!



—AND THE JUDGES OF THIS BEAUTY CONTEST HAVE DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO BEAUTY AND CHARM—

HEY—LOOKIT THE ANGEL PICKLES THE JUDGES OF BEAUTY AND CHARM—PICKED FOR LIVES!



WHO LET THIS WATER OUT OF THE POOL?



THE WEDDING OF GOLDE HATLOA VAN ZENT WAS A GLADY FINANCIAL AND SOCIAL EVENT.



WHILE SAD WAS THE WEDDING OF MINA VAN ZENT—PARENTS OBJECTED, SOME HAD TO BE.



WHILE SAD WAS THE WEDDING OF MINA VAN ZENT—PARENTS OBJECTED, SOME HAD TO BE.









LET'S SEE - TO DATE HE'S  
STOLEN ABOUT A QUARTER OF  
A MILLION DOLLARS --- I  
THINK I CAN BAIT  
A TRAP FOR HIM  
AND AT THE SAME  
TIME, CLEAR THE  
NAME OF THE  
CLOCK ---



THE  
NEXT  
DAY  
IN  
A  
ROOMING  
HOUSE  
ON  
THE  
EAST  
SIDE -

HMM - WHAT'S  
THIS ??



I THINK I'LL PAY THIS GUY  
A VISIT TONIGHT --- AN'  
IT'LL BE MY  
LAST JOB ---



**FOUND**

CHAMBERS BAG-CON  
TAINING A NUMBER  
OF DIAMONDS, RUBIES  
AND EMERALDS. WILL  
RETURN TO OWNER ON  
IDENTIFICATION. CALL  
PT. 3-0000 OR WRITE  
EZRA WILE, 271 OAKS  
ROAD, CITY.



- WITH THEM STONES AN'  
WHAT I GOT FROM THE OTHER  
THREE JOBS, I CAN SKIP TO  
SOUTH AMERICA  
AN' LIVE LIKE  
A KING ---



- AN' THE **REAL** CLOCK  
CAN TAKE TH' DAP!!



THERE'S THE  
PLACE --- THIS'S  
GONNA BE A  
ONCH -



COME  
IN!















# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

about that Michigan Drive

Boom! That low, spinning punt comes fairly whistling out from the very shadows of Minnesota's goal into the steel-like arms of Michigan's brilliant Jack Wheeler on the Gopher's 45-yard line.



Flying now, Wheeler knives his way through the Minnesota tacklers. By a miracle he keeps his feet!



3. Staggering under the terrific impact, Wheeler by a super-human effort sidesteps another Gopher tackler driving hard to bring him down.



Dodging, feinting, slipping, Wheeler concludes his amazing run with a desperate dive across the enemy's goal!



That was Nov. 15, 1930, at Ann Arbor, Mich., and this is Jack Wheeler, whose electrifying feat gave Michigan six of the seven points she scored to defeat Minnesota 7 to 0.



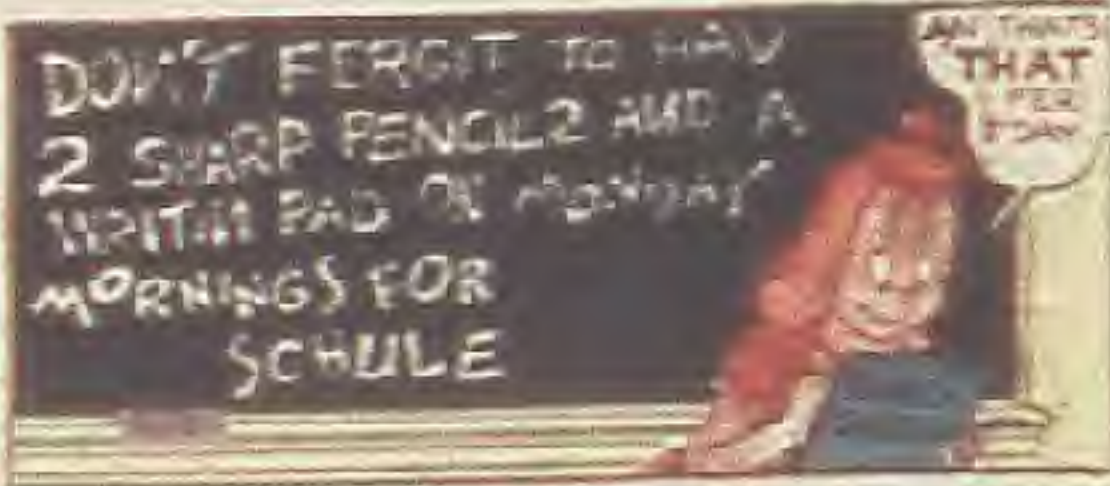


# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVY and J. H. STRUBEL







## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVY and J. H. STRIEBEL







## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



Follow Dixie Dugan in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 1st.



# RANCE KEANE

THE WEST

WILL ARTHUR

WHO TRAVELING  
LIFE IN THE  
WEST? THE  
WEST IS A  
PLACE OF  
ADVENTURE  
AND  
DANGER.



DICK RIDDLE  
TOM BADMAN,  
TURNS TO SEE  
WHO SHOT THE  
GUN FROM HIS  
HAND, AND HE  
LOOKS INTO  
THE COLDLY  
DETERMINED  
FACE OF  
RANCE KEANE



AS  
RIDDLE  
BLUSTERS  
OFF HE  
THREATENS  
RANCE  
KEANE---



WHO TRAVELING  
LIFE IN THE  
WEST? THE  
WEST IS A  
PLACE OF  
ADVENTURE  
AND  
DANGER.





SEE WEE  
AND RANCE  
GO TO A  
LUNCH ROOM  
FOR SOME  
COFFEE—

LEE TELLS  
PURDUE  
IS TRYING  
TO FORCE  
HIM TO  
SELL A  
BUNCH  
OF STUFF

—CONSIDER HIM! HE'S  
BEEN PUTTIN' POISON  
IN MUH WATERHOLES  
OUTTIN' MAH FENCES  
AND TRYIN' TO MAKE  
IT SO MEAN FER ME  
THAT I HAF TA SELL—

WHAT ABOUT  
THE LAW HERE  
IN HEADE CITY?

THE SHERIFF'S  
AS CROOKED  
AS A—



THE SHOT CAME  
FROM THIS WINDOW  
BUT I DON'T SEE  
ANYBODY!

RECKON IT WAS  
A COUNTRY PURDUE  
TROCK PLICE AND  
SIMPLE—

LOOK AT  
ME HUSTACHE!



KEANE  
LEAVES  
SEE WEE  
AND SPENDS  
THE NIGHT  
DANCING THE  
FLOOR—

THEN  
SEVERAL  
HOURS  
BEFORE  
DAWN—



KEANE STEALS  
OUT INTO THE  
NIGHT AND  
MAKES HIS  
WAY TO THE  
DARKENED  
SHERIFF'S  
OFFICE—

GOING TO  
THE REAR  
HE FORCES  
OPEN A  
WINDOW—



RANCE POCKETS  
THE POSTER AND  
GOES BACK TO  
HIS ROOM—THEN  
HE SPENDS THE  
EARLY MORNING  
HOURS WRITING  
A LETTER—

BEFORE NOON  
HE GOES TO  
THE POST  
OFFICE AND—





SEVERAL DAYS OF NOURY SHOWS RANCE THAT PURDUE HAS THE TOWN BLIFTED AND NOONE WILL TAKE ACTION AGAINST HIM—

THEN HE RECEVES A VISTOR—

YOU'RE GETTIN' NOSEY, KEANE! GET OUT OF TOWN WHILE YOU CAN!

DON'T RECKON I WILL TILL I GET THE GUY WHO'S PAYING YOUR SALARY, SHERIFF!



WELL, I CAN SAY IS—YOU'VE GOT UNTIL SUNSET TO CLEAR OUT—OR ELSE!



DRAWING UP TO DRK PURDUE'S RANCH, RANCE SIGHTS ONE OF THE HOODLUM'S MEN—



IS YOUR BOSS AROUND?

VED! HE'S UP BY THE RANCH HOUSE NOW!



HELLO, PURDUE!

WAL, SHERIFF, LOOK WHO'S COME TO SEE US! COME INSIDE, NOSEY!



IN THE HOUSE

I HAVE SOMETHING THAT SHOULD INTEREST YOU TWO HONNERS!!

THEY WHO ARE THE ONLY TWO WHO KNOW THE SECRET OF THE RANCH HOUSE—

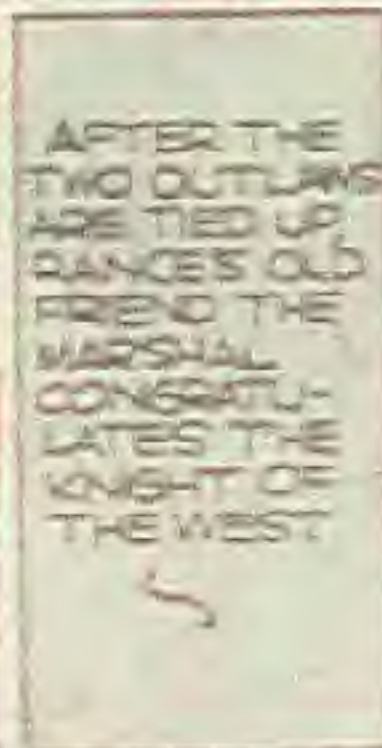
WHERE THE---?



WELL, KEANE, YOU KNOW QUITE A BIT! SURE HE TRED TO KILL LEE AND HE DO PLENTY MORE, BUT YOU AINT LIVIN' TO TELL ANYBODY—!!









# TODDY

By  
GEORGE MARCOUX





00000000000000000000000000000000



\*More of Teddy and Mortimer Mum in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

ART PINAUIAN



STRAIGHT AHEAD LOOM THE TENTS OF THE RED HAWK INDIAN TRIBE.



—BUT AS REYNOLDS IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE VILLAGE—



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? TELL YOUR CHIEF I WISH TO SEE HIM!



NO—NO CAN SEE CHIEF— HE SAY NO REDCOAT CAN ENTER VILLAGE NOW GO!!



GIVE ME THAT GUN OR —



SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT!



IS THIS THE WAY YOU GREET THE SERVANTS OF THE GREAT WHITE KING, CHIEF RED HAWK?



WHEN WE MADE PEACE WITH THE GREAT WHITE KING HE PROMISED THAT OUR VALLEY WOULD BE CLOSED TO THE WHITE MEN!



THAT PROMISE HAS BEEN BROKEN—THE GREAT WHITE KING SHALL HEAR OF THIS IN WRITING! GO NOW, BEFORE I ORDER MY BRAVES TO SHOOT YOU DOWN!



HM—ID BETTER NOT START ANY TROUBLE NOW!





REYNOLDS LEAVES THE INDIAN VILLAGE.



SO THEY DON'T WANT VISITORS, EH? THOSE INDIANS ARE UP TO SOMETHING!

HE REYNOLDS WALKS DOWN THE ROAD.



HE'S HEADING FOR THE INDIAN VILLAGE!

THE RIDER ENTERS THE VILLAGE, AND A FEW MINUTES LATER DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW.



SAY! THAT'S FUNNY—HE WENT RIGHT INTO THE VILLAGE WITHOUT A WORD FROM THOSE INDIANS!

THE NEXT DAY  
AT MOUNTED POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS

SURE, INSPECTOR—CHIEF RED HAWK IS GIVIN' ME COMPLETE COOPERATION!

GLAD TO HEAR IT, SANDERS—WELL, HERE COMES SERGEANT REYNOLDS!



SERGEANT, THIS IS PAUL SANDERS—HE'S STUDYING INDIAN CULTURE ON THE RED HAWK RESERVATION!

HOW DO YOU DO, SERGEANT—JUST DROPPED IN TO SAY HELLO TO THE INSPECTOR!



I'LL BE GOIN' NOW, INSPECTOR—SEE YOU LATER!

GOODBYE, SANDERS—DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON US IF YOU NEED ANY HELP!



I'M GLAD THOSE INDIANS ARE UNDER CONTROL AT LAST! I'M SENDING IN MY REPORT NEXT WEEK!

ER—Y-YES SIR!



SANDERS TOLD ME THE RED HAWK INDIANS ARE HAVING A BIG CEREMONIAL POW-WOW TONIGHT—MUST BE AN IMPORTANT EVENT!



REYNOLDS LEAVES THE INSPECTOR AND RETURNS TO HIS QUARTERS



SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO BE AT THAT INDIAN DANCE TONIGHT! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!







SORRY, OLD FELLOW—BUT I'LL BE NEEDING YOUR BLANKET AND HAT FOR A WHILE!!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE DISGUISED MOUNTIE PROCEEDS TO THE INDIAN FESTIVAL --



--AND WINKS HIS WAY UNNOTICED TO THE BASE OF A TOTEM POLE.



FROM HERE I CAN WATCH EVERY MOVE THEY MAKE! THINGS OUGHT TO START HAPPENING SOON!



O, WARRIORS--WE ARE GATHERED HERE TO WELCOME A NEW BROTHER INTO OUR TRIBE -- HE HAS GIVEN US MANY RIFLES AND HAS PROMISED MANY MORE!



WITH THESE GUNS WE WILL ONCE MORE BECOME A MIGHTY TRIBE --WE WILL RISE IN ARMS AGAINST THE REDCOATS!

SO!! SOMEONE'S SELLING GUNS TO THE INDIANS!



FOR THIS WE MAKE FRIEND A CHIEF--I WILL NOW PLACE THIS HEAD-DRESS OF EAGLE FEATHERS ON HIS--



AT THIS MOMENT REYNOLDS STEPS OUT AND FACES THE INDIANS!

STOP!! RED HAWK IS A FOOL! NO MAN CAN OVERCOME THE REDCOATS! AS FOR YOU, SANDERS -- YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!





Follow Reynolds Of The Mounted in the December issue of FEATURE COMICS.







# Slim and Tubby

John J. Welch



Slim and Tubby is continued in the December issue--on sale November 1st.



# COVE OF THE BEASTS

By Robert M. Hyatt

## Part I

The night closed down dark and sinister. And with the darkness there descended a tremendous silence. Only one sound disturbed the utter quiet, the soft lap of brackish water against the ancient hull of the *John Elden*. The crew had long since gone below, leaving only old Crimp, the lookout, squatting in the prow.

Crimp spoke in a sepulchral voice: "Evil waters, me lads, evil waters these be. I don't like sailin' 'em in the daytime let alone at night."

The two youths leaning over the rail nearby turned. Billy Braden said, "Why is it, Crimp, that this part of the Pacific seems to have such an evil reputation? I never saw a crew with a worse case of the jeebies."

"Listen," the old man said hollowly. "Listen—ye hear it? Ye hear that sighin' sound, like souls in trouble? That's the ghosts that ha'nt these foul waters, the ghosts of men who have gone down . . . ye can smell death in the air—"

The small shudder that crept down Billy Braden's spine was transmitted to Doc Lorraine, his companion.

"I say," said Billy, "this sort of thing is enough to give anybody the creeps." He lowered his voice and said, "Let's tell him now . . . we've got to be shoving off pretty quick."

Doc said, "Look, Crimp, all you say is probably true, but we came on this cruise for one purpose, and that is to land on Shark Island. Since the skipper refuses to take us any nearer the island, we thought of a plan. We both have thirty dollars' pay coming. That's more than enough to pay for the dory. If it's okay with you, we'll just lower it and get away while the crew's asleep."

Crimp spat over the rail. "Tain't none of my business if

you young fools want to die. An' die ye will if ye set foot on Shark Island. It's a good two-mile pull from here to the reef. After that Heaven help ye!"

It required only a few minutes to lower the small boat. Crimp stowed a cask of water and several tins of beef and crackers in the tiny cockpit and waved as the boys drew away from the *John Elden*.

"So help me," muttered Doc as they got underway, "there is something in the air here. Look at that water, it's like oil."

Billy conquered a shiver in his voice and replied, "What I don't like is the sharks. Look at 'em out there! I'd hate to tumble overboard . . . well, let's row, old feller!"

Billy's mind worked faster than his arms. Something told him they had been foolhardy to take this trek to an almost unknown island in the South Pacific. Yet—that bottle which had floated into San Diego Bay a few weeks ago, just after school let out . . . what a bottle! A dozen gold coins inside, carefully wrapped in an old map—the map of a pirate's cache of loot! Who had cast the bottle adrift? When?

Doc Lorraine had gone wacky when they found the bottle. And three days later he had persuaded his uncle to book passage for both of them on the trader *John Elden*. Rather, he had secured jobs for them on the old schooner for the duration of the cruise. And now—treasure! Pirate gold! Desert island! What anticipations they had had when they boarded the creaky vessel.

Well, they were here, drawing closer to their destination through a sea which sailors feared, over which hung the shadow of something fearsome.

The booming surf brought Billy out of his dreams. They had slipped into the first break-

ers and they could dimly see the white line of foam spilling up on shore and behind it the towering cliffs that bordered the island.

"Keep her nose straight," warned Doc. "This is a treacherous reef."

Then they were in the grip of the mighty undertow and hurtling toward shore as if caught in a mill-race. Salt spray blinded them as they were picked up, spun crazily, and dropped far up the beach on the sand. For a moment both boys sat stunned, wiping their eyes, then they scrambled out in the darkness.

"Matches soaking wet," Billy exclaimed with dismay. "We'll have to spread 'em out to dry."

"Gee," said Doc, "wish we could have a fire; I'm cold . . . guess we'll have to suffer for tonight, huh?"

Billy found a comfortable position against the dory and yawned. "You know," he said, "I hope the *John Elden* doesn't forget to return for us next month. What if they—"

A high-pitched scream thudded across the night. Billy gasped. "Good grief, Doc! What was that?"

"I—it sounded like a gorilla—or something," Doc's voice quavered. "B-but it couldn't be that. Must've been a wild cat or—"

The cry came again, farther off, dying in a gurgling sob.

"Say, look!" Doc said, pointing upward where a high cliff frowned over the little lagoon. "A light."

"Why—somebody must live here!" Billy cried, with something of hope in his voice. "Maybe it's the person who sent the bottle out—maybe the pirate—"

"Well, there's only one way to find out," Doc got up. "Come on, let's go see."

They began climbing the hill. After a half hour of rough go-



ing, they reached the summit. Facing out toward the sea stood a small shack. To this the boys groped their way.

Doc rose cautiously as they crouched under the window and peered inside. A rasping oath filtered through the aperture. "Nina—Nina!" came a booming voice. "Come here, you little imp!"

Both boys were looking inside now. What they saw sent shivers over them. A huge man with a mop of wild white hair sat on a chair. Propped on a bench in front of him was his right leg, entirely bandaged in gauze. The man's face was contorted.

"Nina!" he shouted again.

A slim girl came hesitantly in the door and pined several feet away from the cripple. "Yes, father," she said in a trembling voice.

"Go down to the house and fetch me that medicine," the man ordered.

"B-but father," cried the girl, "Jogo is loose. He'll—"

"Jogo won't hurt you. If he does, jump in the lagoon."

"But the sharks—" continued the frightened girl.

The huge figure came out of his chair with a bound and grasped a heavy cane. "Get!" he shouted. "Mind what I say, or I'll break you in two!"

Nina ran, sobbing, into the darkness.

"Why, the mean old man!" muttered Billy under his breath. "Treating his own daughter like that."

"Sassah!" cautioned Doc. "Look there."

A cot on the far side of the shack showed signs of occupancy. The mass of blankets were thrown back and a humped creature climbed slowly to the floor. Shuffling, the figure crossed toward the big man and squatted in front of him.

"The John Elden got away, father?" he asked in a creaky voice.

"Yes, blast her! She never came nearer than two miles. We need fog . . . we'll never get 'em in here without fog . . . holy cat, Ivan, this leg hurts!"

Ivan caressed the lump on his back. "Yes, fog. Funny weather we're having; should have lots of fog this time of year."

A loud crashing of brush at the foot of the cliff made both boys whirl. A blood-curdling scream split the night, followed by the girl's outcry.

"Come on!" Billy cried. "That thing's got her!"

Slipping and sliding, they rushed down the hill. The last few feet were a headlong plunge through thorny brambles. When they had extricated themselves and stood up, there was no sound, and the light on the cliff had gone out.

"Well," said Doc, "what do you make of it? Have we been dreaming or—"

"I haven't been dreaming about these thorns," Billy opined. "Gosh, my hands are full of 'em."

"Gee, it's dark," Doc stated. "Well, whatever it was—or is—we can't do anything more to-night. Let's go back to camp."

Doc had found some dry matches and started a small fire of driftwood. Sitting before the flames, the boys discussed the strange occurrence of the last few hours. Who was the evil pair in the shack and what had they meant by their reference to the John Elden getting away? And that sweet-faced girl—what had happened to her?

"You know," said Billy "there's something mighty queer about all this. Who do you suppose Jogo is?"

Doc shook his head. "It's got me, pard—in fact, the whole cruise down here was sorta strange—I mean the way the crew acted and all."

"You suppose," Billy said abruptly, "that these people here know about the treasure?"

"Wish I knew," Doc replied. "Maybe morning will bring the answer."

Their boat was gone! That was the first thing dawn revealed. Somewhat alarmed, the boys held a brief council. The boat hadn't snapped its mooring rope. It had been heaved far up on the beach. The rope had been carefully unfastened. By whom?

After a hasty breakfast, Billy and Doc set off for the interior of the island. An hour's walk brought them to a little glade shaded by tall palmettos, and there a well-defined trail led off into the bush. They halted for a breather. It was then that an eery laugh brought them whirling about. Behind them, rifle held ready, stood a strange apparition.

#### DOVE OF THE DESERT

is included in the December issue of FUTURE COMICS—on sale November 1st.









# Lala Palooza

W-W-WHO'S  
THERE?





# LALA PALOOZA

WOW!—DID THOSE GUYS TAKE ME TO THE CLEANERS?

ACHE-  
BILLIARD  
ACADEMY



I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A DIME FOR CARFARE— I'LL HAVE TO WALK ALL THE WAY HOME!

NOOF! TWENTY BLOCKS T'SO AN' MY DOGS ARE BARKIN' ALREADY— I GOTTA REST!

AH—GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR— I SEE YOU HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED BY THE BEAUTY OF OUR NEW SUPER TWELVE—



? JUST STEP INTO THE SHOWROOM AND SEE SOME OF THE OTHER MODELS

BEAUTIFUL, AREN'T THEY? BUT I KNOW YOU'D LIKE A DEMONSTRATION— LET'S STEP OUTSIDE—

—AND I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A LITTLE SPIN— JUST TO PROVE THE CAR'S ATTRACTIVE!



DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH ACCELERATION, ROADABILITY AND EASE OF CONTROL— NO SIR, OF COURSE YOU HAVEN'T—

AN ASTOUNDING CAR, IS IT? NOT, SIR— I SHOULD SAY IT IS— AH! HERE WE ARE BACK AT THE SHOWROOM— COME ALONG, SIR!

NOW JUST SIT DOWN AND I'LL EXPLAIN OUR EASY CREDIT PLAN—



CREDIT?— DO YOU GIVE CREDIT? WHY CERTAINLY, YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD WITH US!

THAT'S SWELL!— CAN YA LEND ME A DIME FOR CARFARE?

A DIME?

TSK, TSK— I NEVER SAW ANYBODY'S ATTITUDE CHANGE SO COMPLETELY!





# LALA PALOOZA

THIS IS MY BOARDING HOUSE  
FOOD-  
REACHED!

PLEASE, BE-HON-EST! I HAVE  
JUST ONE THIN DIME FOR  
A CUP OF JAVA  
AND SINKERS!

ABSOLUTELY NO! I  
REMEMBER HERE  
ON A DIET!

OH VINCENT, AREN'T THESE  
ARTS LOVELY! I COME ON  
IN! I WANT TO TRY  
SOME ON-

NO THANKS, LALA!  
I'M GONNA TAKE A  
WALK AROUND THE  
BLOCK AN' TRY TO  
FORGET HOW HUNGRY  
I AM!

THE WAY I FEEL, I COULD  
EAT A COIN-  
WORMS AN'  
ALL!

COOK! THAT  
LADY DROPPED  
HER  
HANDBAG!

HEY, LADY, YOUR BAG-  
DOESN'T HEAR ME - I'LL HAVE  
TO RUN AFTER HER!

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S VINCENT!  
HE'S STOLEN SOMEBODY'S  
HANDBAG! OH DEAR! WHY  
DID I REFUSE TO GIVE HIM  
THAT MONEY!

PLSE, PLSE,  
YOUR BAG,  
LADY - YOU  
DROPPED  
IT!

OH, THANK YOU,  
MY GOOD MAN -  
HERE'S A  
DOLLAR FOR  
YOUR TROUBLE

HELLO, LALA!  
HOW'D YOU  
KNOW I WAS  
HERE?

I KNEW YOU'D  
RUN TO THE  
NEAREST  
RESTAURANT  
AS SOON AS  
YOU HAD  
MONEY!

OH, BUT  
VINCENT,  
WHY DID  
YOU  
STEAL  
IT?

STEAL? I DIDN'T  
STEAL ANYTHING -  
A DAME GAVE ME  
A DOLLAR 'CAUSE  
I FOUND HER  
HANDBAG AND...

AND YOU  
MAKE  
ME  
SICK!











# Charlie Chan

By Alfred Hitchcock

AS HE WANDERS FROM THE HEDRIN HOME, CHARLIE CHAN DEEPLY PONDER'S OVER THE NINE DEATHS... HE NOW COMES UPON AN OLD CABIN...





HAH! CRANE! EVEN DESTROYED  
PRIVATE PAPERS WHICH YOU HAVE  
IN DESK! **LOOK!** HE TEARS EVERY-  
THING—LETTERS, POLICIES, STOCKS  
—EVERYTHING!



BARBARA!  
RED JOE'S BEEN  
IN MY CABIN! HE'S  
BURNED EVERYTHING—  
MEDICINES—



I DON'T HAVE  
ANYTHING TO SAY  
TO YOU, MR. CRANE!  
I WAS LOOKING  
FOR INSPECTOR  
CRANE AND KIRK!



HE'S RESTING,  
INSPECTOR, BUT THE  
DOCTOR IS STILL WITH  
HIM! ARE YOU COMING  
TO THE HOUSE?



LATER WE VISIT  
OLD FRIEND! NOW  
WE VISIT MINE  
AGAIN—AND HOPE  
FOR SOLUTION  
TO MYSTERY!



IN THE  
MEDRIN  
MINE AS  
ROGER CRANE,  
CHARLIE AND  
KIRK CON-  
TINUE THEIR  
INVESTIGATION.

I'M MAKING ANOTHER  
DRIVE FOR GOOD ORE!  
THE MEN STARTED EARLY  
THIS MORNING!



HI, STEVE! IS ANYONE  
WORKING IN NUMBER TEN  
CROSS-CUT?



YASSON, BUT  
CRANE! COULD  
MEN IS DRILLIN' IN  
THERE LIKE YOU  
DOUB TEL' US TO!



THAT'S GOOD,  
STEVE! I  
THINK THAT'S  
OUR BEST  
BET—



**CRANE!  
CHARLIE!  
LOOK!**



IMMEDIATELY OTHER  
MINERS RUSH OUT...



QUICK! CARRY HIM  
TO TH' CASE! WE'VE  
GOT TO GET HIM TO  
THE OXYGEN TENT!



AS EVERYONE  
RUSHES FOR  
THE MINE  
SHUTT, CRANE,  
KIRK AND ROGER  
CRANE QUESTION  
SOME OF THE  
MEN....

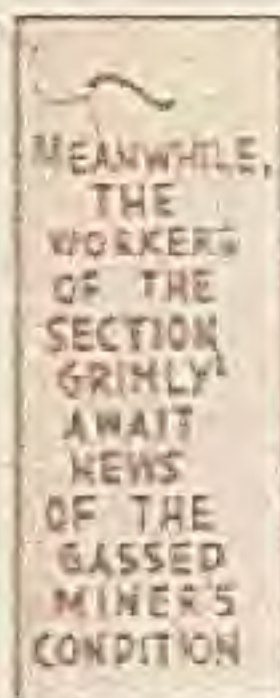
HOW COME YOU MEN  
DIDN'T SAY TO JACK  
YOU WERE IN TH' CROSS-  
CUT WITH POPPES!















AND AT THE HEDRIN HOME... HOMER SWEED, THE BANNER, CALLS



















IN A FLASH THERE IS A DEFTING EXPLOSION... THE EARTH TREMBLES... THE NIGHT SKY IS BRILLIANT... AS THE BUILDING GOES UP IN A MASS OF DEBRIS...



FOLLOW CHARLIE CHAN AS HE SOLVES THE POISON DEATH OF THE MOVIE STAR, CLAIRE LAMONT. IN THE NEXT ISSUE





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